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For the Gallipolis Journal.

Reflections.

In a Summer evening, while sitting alone under the Giant Oak, on Beallmont Farm, Ky. I reflected on Julia, sister of the Beallmont Bard.

The sun has set—the weary traveler sleeps—
Whistling high in air in rolling splendor sweeps
The half-moon—soft and mellow rays,
The Queen of Night in majesty surveys
Her glittering host—the firmament on high
Is blazing with the candles of the sky.

Thou giant Oak, beneath whose lengthening shade,
The wily Indians oft for hours have played—
How oft have I in meditative mood
Beneath thy shade the evenings spent alone—
And quaff'd the fragrance of the passing gale,
While all were sleeping and all in the vale.

Ye limpid waters whose transparent hue
Mirrors each image—pictures that as true
As Nature's self—here oft have I surveyed
The stately firmament beneath me laid;
Here oft have stood and gazed amazed to see
This incommunicable mimicry.

Ye distant hills, whose lengthening shades appear
Like clouds of vengeance gathering o'er me here,
How oft have I from Summer's sultry heat,
Beneath your ample mantle found retreat.
And viewed the radiant laboring in the field,
Beneath the sultry sun, without a shield.

Ye waving meadows, clad in verdure green,
That mix in mingling grandeur with the scene,
How oft have I, in boyhood's early hours,
Left school-mates playing in their shady bowers
To be with you—and on your mossy breast
Seek out a place to lay me down to rest.

Thou Locus Grove, beneath whose moon-lit boughs
Impassioned lovers breathed their mutual vows,
How oft have I the social circle fled
To seek thy shadows and the silence well,
And viewed the crimson fading in the west,
While evening dew had bathed the violet's breast.

Thou lovely Night, whose natural lights above
Are emblems of the purity of Love,
How oft have I beneath thy silvery beam
Sat here alone or wandered by the stream,
Till Cynthia's rays, behind the western hill,
Had sunk to rest, and evening dew were chill.

Thou lofty One who decked the milky way
With shining orbs and moon with brilliant ray,
The earth in verdure green and streamlet clear,
That murmur sweetly in my presence here,
May I and she to whom these lines are given,
When life is over—find a Home in Heaven.

AMERICAN HOUSE, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Death of the Kentucky Fat Boy.—Andrew Brand, the Kentucky Fat Boy, died in this city this morning after an illness of about four weeks.

He was a native of the town of Calhoun, Davis county, Ky., and was in the 16th year of his age. He probably was the largest human being in existence, weighing no less than 537 pounds. He came to this city for the purpose of attending the State Fair, but was immediately attacked with his last illness. He was accompanied by a brother and other friends, and everything that human wisdom could suggest was done to prolong his existence and alleviate his sufferings. *—Albany Atlas, Wednesday.*

FOREIGN IMPORTATIONS.—The receipts from customs into the Treasury for the fiscal year ending in 1850, are but little if any short of \$40,000,000. The customs average 25 per cent on the importations. There must then have been imported \$160,000,000 in foreign goods, mostly iron, calicoes, and linen. The foreign importation of the last fiscal year has exceeded any, except one, since the foundation of the Government.

On the 11th inst., Clark's Ferry Bridge, which crosses the Susquehanna river at Lunenburg, a island, 17 miles above Harrisburg, and at the mouth of the Juniata river, was totally destroyed by fire. Loss \$120,000.

The Price of an Opinion.

In a cold night of November, in the year 1825, a man enveloped in a cloak, rapped at the door of one of the most distinguished advocates at Paris. He was quickly shown into the chamber of the learned lawyer.

"Sir," said he, placing upon the table a large parcel of papers, "I am rich; but the suit that has been instituted against me to-day will entirely ruin me. At my age, a fortune is not to be rebuilt so that the loss of my suit will condemn me forever to the most frightful misery. I come to ask the aid of your talents. Here are the papers; as to the facts, I will, if you please, expose them clearly to you."

The advocate listened attentively to the stranger; then opened the parcel, examined all the papers it contained, and said—"Sir, the action laid against you is founded in justice and morality. Unfortunately, in spite of the admirable perfection of our codes, law does not always accord with justice, and here the law is for you. If, therefore, you rest strictly upon the law, and avail yourself without exception of all the means in your favor; if, above all, these means are exposed with clearness and force, you will infallibly gain this suit, and nobody can afterwards dispute that fortune which you fear to lose."

"Nobody in the world," replied the client, "is so competent to do this as yourself. An opinion drawn up in this sense and signed by you would render me invulnerable. I am bold enough to hope that you will not refuse it to me."

The skillful advocate reflected for some moments, and, taking up again the papers which he had pushed away with an abruptness peculiar to him, said that he would draw up the opinion, and that it should be finished the following day at the same hour.

The client was punctual to his appointment. The advocate presented him with the opinion, and without taking the trouble to reply to the thanks with which the other overwhelmed him, said to him rudely—"Here is the opinion; there is no judge, who, after having seen that, will condemn you. Give me 3,000 francs!"

The client was struck dumb and motionless with surprise.

"You are free to keep your money," said the advocate, "as I am to throw this opinion in the fire."

So speaking, he advanced towards the chimney; but the other stopped him, and declared that he would pay the sum demanded, but that he had only half of it with him.

He drew, in fact, from his pocket-book 15,000 francs in bank notes. The advocate with one hand took the notes, and with the other threw the opinion into a drawer.

"But," said the client, "I am going, if you please, to give you my note for the remainder."

"I want money. Bring me 1,500 more francs or you shall not have one line."

There was no remedy, and the 3,000 francs were paid; but the client, to revenge himself of what he conceived an injustice, told the anecdote. It got into the papers, and for a fortnight there was a deluge of witticisms of all kinds upon the disinterestedness of the great advocate.

Those who did not laugh at it, said it was deplorable that a man of such merit should be tainted with a vice so degrading as avarice. Even his friends were moved by it, and some of them went so far as to remonstrate with him publicly; but the only reply he gave was by shrugging his shoulders, and then, as everything is quickly forgot at Paris, people soon ceased to talk of this. Ten years had passed. One day the Court of Cassation, in its red robes, was descending the steps of the Palace of Justice, to be present at a public ceremony. All at once a female darts from the crowd, throws herself at the feet of the procureur-general, seizes the end of his robe, and presses it to her lips. The woman is looked upon as deranged, and they try to drag her away.

"Oh, leave me alone, leave me alone," she cries, "I recognize him—it is he, my preserver! Thanks to him, I have been able to bring up my large family. Thanks to him, my old age is happy. Oh, you do not know me. One day—I was very unhappy then—I was advised to bring an action against a distant relation of my last husband, who had possessed himself of a rich heritage that ought to have come to my children. Already I had sold half my goods to begin the action, when, one evening, I saw enter my house a gentleman who said to me—'Do not go to law; reason and morality are for you, but the law is against you. Keep

the little you have, and add to it these 3,000 francs, which are truly yours.' I remained speechless with surprise. When I would have spoken and thanked him, he had disappeared, but the bag of money was there, upon my table, and the countenance of that generous man was engraved upon my heart, never to be erased. Well this man—this preserver of my family—is here! Let me thank him before God and before men!"

The court had stopped. The procureur-general appeared moved, but conquering his emotions he said—"Take away this good woman, and take care no harm comes to her. I don't think she is quite right in her mind."

He was mistaken; the poor woman was not mad—only she remembered, and Mr. Dupin had forgotten.

Patrick Henry vs. Intolerance.

Soon after Henry's noted case of "Tobacco and the preserves," as it was called, he heard of a case of oppression for conscience sake. The English Church having been established by law in Virginia, became, as all such establishments are wont to do, exceedingly intolerant towards other sects. In the prosecution of this system of conversion, three Baptist clergymen had been indicted at Fredericksburg for preaching the Gospel of the Son of God contrary to the statute. Henry hearing of this, rode some fifty miles to volunteer his services for the oppressed. He entered the Court, being unknown to all present, save the bench and the bar, while the indictment was being read by the clerk. He sat within the bar until the reading was finished, and the king's attorney had concluded some remarks in support of the prosecution, when he arose, reached out his hand for the paper and without more ceremony proceeded with the following speech:

"May it please your worship, I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered this house, the paper I now hold in my hand. It has right understood, the king's attorney for the colony has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing, by imprisonment, three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court, for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court what did I hear read? Did I hear distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression as of crime, that these men whom your worship are about to try for misdemeanor, are charged with—what?"

And continuing in a low, solemn, heavy voice, "preaching the Gospel of the Son of God?" Pausing amidst the most profound silence and breathless astonishment, he slowly waved the paper three times around his head, when lifting his hands to heaven, with peculiar and impressive energy, he exclaimed, "Great God!"

The exclamation—the burst of feeling from the audience were all overpowering. Mr. H. resumed:

"May it please your worship, in a day like this when truth is about to be aroused to claim its natural and inalienable rights; when the yoke of oppression, that has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power, are about to be discovered—as such a period, when liberty—liberty of conscience—is about to awake from her slumberings, and enquire into the reason of such charges as I find exhibited here to-day in this indictment." Another fearful pause, while the speaker, alternately casts his sharp, piercing eyes on the court and the prisoners, and then resumed: "If I am not deceived, according to the contents of the paper which I now hold in my hand, these men are accused of preaching the Gospel of the Son of God! Great God!"

Another long pause while he again waved the indictment around his head—while a deeper impression was made on the auditory. Resuming his speech:

"May it please your worship, there are periods in the history of man, when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand, becomes his servile, abject slave, he licks the hand that smites him, he bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot, and in this state of servility, he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your worship, such a day has passed away! From that period when our fathers left the land of their nativity for settlement in these American wilds—for liberty—for civil and religious liberty—for liberty of conscience to worship their Creator according to their own conceptions of Heaven's revealed will—from the moment they place their

feet upon the American continent and in the deeply embedded forests sought an asylum from persecution and tyranny—from that moment, despotism was crushed—the fetters of darkness were broken and Heaven decreed man should be free—free to worship God according to the Bible.

"Were it not for this, in vain were all the sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate the new world, if we, their offspring, must still be oppressed and persecuted. But may it please your worship, permit me to inquire once more, for what are these men about to be tried? This paper says for preaching the gospel of the Saviour to Adam's fallen race." And in tones of thunder he exclaimed,—"What law have they violated?"

While the third time in a low, dignified manner, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and waved the indictment around his head. The court and audience were now wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. The face of the prosecuting attorney was pallid and ghastly, and he appeared unconscious that his whole frame was agitated with alarm, while the judge in a tremulous voice, put an end to the scene, now becoming excessively painful, by the authoritative declaration—"Sheriff, discharge those men."

Stockton's Sermon.

We have received a copy of Mr. Stockton's sermon, occasioned by the death of President Taylor delivered at the Masonic Hall, Cincinnati, Aug. 1, 1850. It is replete with excellent suggestions, and especially does it portray the insignificance of the man-worship which so generally prevails even among the independent freemen of America: He pronounces it worse than the idolatry of old, for it is committed in greater light, if not in grosser forms. We make the following extracts:

LAST WORDS OF THE PRESIDENTS. When Washington was sixty-seven years old, he laid down upon his death bed. "I find I am dying," said he; "my breath cannot last long."—And again—"Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed, from my first attack, I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." And so he ceased to breathe.

More than a quarter of a century elapsed, before a similar scene was witnessed. Then, on the same day, the first Jubilee of the Nation, Adams, at ninety years of age, and Jefferson, at eighty-three; came down to their last hour. "I resign myself to my God," said Jefferson, "and my child to my country." Soon after, Adams exclaimed: "Independence forever!" and all was over. They, too, had ceased to breathe.

Five years after this, at seventy-one years of age Monroe ceased to breathe.

Five years after this, at eighty-five years of age, Madison ceased to breathe.

Nearly five years after this, at sixty-eight years of age, Harrison remarked—"Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." And he ceased to breathe.

Four years after this, at seventy-eight years of age, Jackson observed, in substance—"My sufferings, though great, are nothing in comparison with those of my dying Saviour through whose death I look for everlasting happiness." And he ceased to breathe.

In less than three years after this, at eighty years of age, the second Adams declared—"This is the last of earth. I am content." And he ceased to breathe.

In a little more than one year after this, at fifty-three years of age, Polk bowed his head in baptism, confessing his Saviour. And he ceased to breathe.

And now, within the last month, at sixty-five years of age, the lamented Taylor has submitted to the solemn decree—"I am ready for the summons," said he. "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am sorry to leave my friends." And he, too, ceased to breathe.

DEATH OF MAJOR SHOVER.—On the 7th inst., Brevet Major Wm. H. Shover, captain of the 3d Regiment of Artillery, died at West Point. Major Shover has fallen a victim to disease contracted while on arduous service in the Mexican war, having served with distinction as a subaltern of Ringgold's (afterwards Bragg's) Battery, throughout the campaign, under Gen. Taylor, and, after his promotion, in the Valley of Mexico.

The Morse telegraph company has raised a mast at Paducah, for crossing the Ohio with their wires. It is in four pieces, and measures 282 feet above ground.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

The Austrian General and the London Brewers.

One cannot but be gratified with the tone of the English press upon the matter of the assault of the brewers of Barclay & Perkins's establishment, London, on this Austrian tyrant, when he lately visited their brewery. The tone of the American press was to be expected. Humanity has her reserved rights, and when they are violated man at large may avenge them. Lord Bacon said that "revenge was wild justice." This hustling of Haynau by the brewers was none of that wild justice; it was outraged humanity justifying her detestation of a fiend that wore her shape.

We said the other day, in noticing the application of Lynch's law to a citizen of Ohio, who amused himself with the daily castigation of his wife, and upon whom a crowd of his offended neighbors inflicted the same punishment, that though no advocates for mob law, and quite the contrary, that there were occasions when the application of Moses' rule was commendable.

This creature Haynau, among his other atrocities, had the wives of certain Hungarian officers publicly whipped. A greater outrage could not be offered to civilization. And every man having the heart of a man in his bosom feels it, whether he be London Lord or London brewer.—If what the poet says is true—

"He who lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, a wretch,
Whom 'twere good flattery to call coward."

—what must Haynau be? Therefore that he was kicked and cuffed and dragged about by his grim mustache, and had to fly for it, taking refuge under the roof of a lady, whose sex he had outraged, was natural enough. Woman always protects the weaker party, from an instinct of her nature which cannot bear to see suffering, no matter how much it may be deserved. So Haynau seemed to know, upon instinct, where he would be safest, while man always seeks to avenge wrongs against woman, and therefore are these sturdy brewers justified in the eyes of humanity. It is lucky for him that he made an escape. What rights could he plead that he had not violated? To the rights of hospitality he has no claim, who knows not what mercy is to the defenceless females of a land that he has unjustly and ruthlessly oppressed. The curse of Cain is upon him without the mark of the Almighty—which withholds the hand of his fellow man from his just punishment. In an article upholding the brewers, Wilmer's and Smith's Times says:

"So keenly did the British nation sympathize with the wrongs of the Hungarians, so utterly did they abominate the tortures and cruelties practiced upon the prisoners, and worse than all, upon offending, innocent women, that if Lord Palmerston had come down to the House, when Russia interfered in the quarrel, and announced that England could not look quietly on while such injustice and butchery continued, there is scarcely an Englishman in the land whose heart would not have leaped with joy at the declaration. That the latent feeling should have broken out at the sight of one of the chief actors in this national massacre, shows the strength with which it burned at the time in the breasts of the humblest of the population."

The truth of the following paragraph from the same press is a high honor to England:

"We have become proverbial for our hospitality. Every expatriated patriot, no matter from what part of the world, finds an asylum on our shores; and even to rulers who have spent their lives in plotting against human freedom and progress, we give a quiet, but not unfriendly salutation. Poor Louis Philippe, after he forfeited the crown of France by his folly and selfishness, found in England a home and a grave, unopposed to the least insult, and surrounded by his family and his friends. The leaders of the red republicanism, when they had made France too hot to hold them, passed over to this country, and the refugees from every continental State have been treated, time out of mind, with the same indulgence and courtesy. It is well it is so. Enjoying the largest amount of practical liberty ourselves—free to think, to act, to talk, and to write on all political, religious, and social topics—we show to the inhabitants of lands less favored, and more especially we show their rulers that true liberty is not compatible with perfect security to peace, law and order. We scorn the espionage which the passport system of the continent entails upon every traveller. We freely criticize the conduct of the

nobles and the most gifted in the land without the fear of incarceration, for we despise the frowns of power in a good cause. In a word, we rule and are ruled by public opinion alone—that great leverage which makes and unmakes ministers of state and even sovereigns."

This matter of the assault upon this Austrian General is the straw which shows which way the wind blows. Mob law in England is always put down and visited with the repression, but here is an instance where the highest and the proudest express their sympathies with the conduct of a mob of London brewers. Public opinion as to what are the rights of humanity is becoming clearer and clearer every day, and, of course, public opinion as to what should be the punishment of violators of the rights of humanity is becoming clearer and clearer every day. This outbreak of manly indignation in a London brew house, against a tyrant, who had done them individually no wrong, but against the tyrant because of a hatred of tyranny, will find an echo in many an humble and many a lofty home in Europe whose inhabitants never dreamed they could have any sympathy with London brewers, or that the London brewers could have any sympathy with them. But so it is. What a great fire a little spark kindleth!

The Mother's Last Lesson.

"Will you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night!" said little Roger L., as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L. was very ill—indeed her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with her pillows, and struggling for breath: her lips were white; her eyes were growing dull and glazed. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's holy word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men, spoken of in its pages.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to night!" As she said this she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot." The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of darling roused her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother.

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never forget it. When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayers. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quiet to his little couch. The next morning he awoke as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold. This was her last lesson.

He has never forgotten it, he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a good man, and now occupies a post of much honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother.

CHINESE FUNERAL.—A Chinese funeral took place yesterday. The Chinaman died at the Chinese Restaurant of Macon & Woosung. The funeral was large, there being over one hundred and fifty Chinamen in the procession, each wearing a piece of white crape. A large number of persons visited the burying ground to witness the ceremonies, which were as follows: They lowered the coffin as we do; they then threw the white bandage worn on their arms, into the grave; then matches and the wax candles, and a bottle of wine. Before covering the coffin, each person bowed his head to the earth and uttered some few words as by us understood. Then each threw a handful of dirt on the coffin, and passed round liquors, wine and segars, &c., of which they invited each American to partake, and the grave was then filled up.—*California Courier.*

It may be remembered that it was officially stated that "the committee to award the prize for the Jenny Lind song, decided that of the number of songs, two were in many respects equally deserving of the prize; but in the opinion of Mr. Jules Benedict, one of them was superior in point of musical adaptation, and on that account has received their unanimous vote." The other of the two is now published. It is from the pen of Epes Sargeant, Esq., editor of the Boston Transcript, and one of our most graceful poets:

Salutation to America.
Land of the beautiful, land of the free,
Often my heart has turned, longing to thee;
Often had mountains, lake, torrent and stream
Gleamed on my waking thought, crowded my dream;
Now thou receivest me from the broad sea,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Fair to the eye, in thy grandeur, thou art;
O doubly fair, doubly dear to the heart!
For to the exile, the trodden, the poor,
Through the wide world, thou hast opened thy door;
Millions crowd in, and are welcomed by thee—
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Land of the future! Here art shall repair—
Kinder thy gale than her own Grecian air!
Since her true votaries ever have found
Lofty desert by America crowned!
Where, in her pride, should she dwell,
But in thee!

Land of the beautiful, land of the free!
Sculpture for thee shall immortalize Form;
Painting illumine, and poetry warm;
Music devote all her fervors divine
To a devout altar at Liberty's shrine—
Till all thy gifts doubly precious shall be.

Land of the beautiful, land of the free!
Hail, then, Republic of Washington, hail!
Never may star of thy Union wax pale
Hope of the world, may each omen of ill
Fade in the light of thy destinies still;
Time bring but increase and honor to thee,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

FRESH AIR.—Gentlemen and ladies, open your windows and let in the fresh air. Light, physical or moral, is not more essential to vision than air, fresh air, to health and happiness. Yet how careful are some of us to exclude it! You close the windows, nail list round the doors, and appear to do all in your power to exclude Heaven's free gift of fresh air; and the reason why thousands of people are not smothered, is that the air is so subtle it will work its way through every crevice, so that it is almost impossible to get it shut out altogether. But if people do not get themselves quite suffocated, they continue to get pale, stupid, nervous, and heavy headed for want of pure air, which is so anxious to force itself into their rooms, but which they contrive to keep barred out. What would you think of a man coming down the river on a raft, who would get a little basin of water and keep it for weeks to wash himself in every day, when the broad river was running level with his feet? You would say he was a fool. Are you any wiser who have fifty miles deep of fresh air above you, and not allow yourself but a few square feet to be used over and over again hundreds of times? I wish every one of you knew what a curious piece of machinery your limbs and heart are, and how the atmosphere is adapted to our use. Keep your windows open night and day. If you are afraid to have the night air blow upon you while you are asleep, break a pane out of the top of the window until you get used to fresh air, and then a stream of it hard enough to blow the quilts off the bed will not hurt you.

At Millwood, in Green county, Ala., there is a mill owned by Dr. Withers, called the Artesian Mill. The water which moves it, is derived entirely from six artesian wells, which range in depth from 300 to 600 feet. They furnish 1000 gallons of water per minute. As the water is nowhere visible under the mill, says the Beacon, it has, when in motion, the appearance of a self-acting piece of machinery.

A Rival to the Kentucky Cave.—Two caves have been explored near Schoharie, New York, one being seven miles through limestone, with a lake on which a boat transports visitors. Rockets sent up do not reach the ceiling. The other cave is explored for five miles; it has a beautiful lake also, and one room is three hundred and fifty feet in diameter.